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GEE, THAT'S EVEN BETTER

THAN SHE

TOLD ME!























































QUITE AN THIS GARDEN IS ARRAY OF DAD'S PRIDE AND BLOSSOMS JOY! HE EXPECTS YOU HAVE HIS ROSES TO WIN FIRST PRIZE HERE S IN THE CLUB'S FLOWER SHOW NEXT WEEK!













PARDON ME







THE OLD BOY PROBABLY FORGOTHE HAS THESE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA...













PEEMER '

THE TEENERS were in solemn meeting in the back booth of Nick's Soda Palace. The Teeners, a lively group of teen-age fellows and girls, had a serious problem that required more than ordinary concentration, Taffy Tilghman, the president, voiced the thought in every mind. "We can't just sit around like bumps on a log. and let that simply gruesome Brenda Billingsley positively kidnap the only important people

who have come to Broadville in years." "Hah," Spike Neilson said disgustedly. "We can't-but we have At five this afternoon, the famous author and lecturer, Farley Gibbs, will arrive in Broadville, For what? To visit the home of his old classmate, Adrian Billingsley. He'll stay at their house, eat with them, sightsee with them. Now I ask you, how in blazes can we keep him from being hogged by that

spooty Brenda?" "That," said Buck Roper gloomily, "is the

sixty-four dollar question. And the answer is, we can't. So let's forget it."

"No," Taffy snapped. "We'll do no such thing. Broadville should entertain Farley Gibbs. He belongs to the world, not to Brenda and her

rich family." She turned her soda glass thoughtfully. watching the reflections swell and waver in the rounded crystal. Suddenly she stiffened and a light came into her eyes, "Bend close, kids, I've got an idea." As they leaned forward, a shadow fell across the table but Taffy was talking so intently that none of them noticed. "Here it is, gang. I happen to know personally and positively that Farley Gibbs just adores hiking in the woods after dark, He's a great nature lover. Now if we can figure a way to get past Brenda, we'll invite him for a night hike up that old

trail over Hoot Owl Ridge. He'd love it"

She broke off sharply. The others whirled, gaping at the tall, cool, beautifully-dressed blonde who stood close. A look of triumph in the blonde's face was quickly erased "Brenda Billingsley," Spike growled, "You eavesdrop-

"Hmmph," Brenda said, tossing her head, "As if I cared what you children whisper about. I'm on my way to the train to meet Farley Gibbs. Goodnight, kiddies."

"Now she knows," Buck said disgustedly.

"She'll make sure we don't get our chance. She heard everything you said, Taffy,"
"Fine," Taffy said gaily, "Then my plan is working. Come on, gang. We're going to hold a wiener roast out on Lookout Point tonight. Bring plenty to eat-enough for guests," She rushed out, humming gaily.

The others stared at each other, then shrugged and climbed out to go about their jobs. Taffy did some crazy things at times but, strangely, they sometimes worked miracles. Apparently she had an idea so at least they'd play along.

The moon rose at nine that night, throwing a golden glow over the point, lighting the clearing where the Teeners sat around their campfire. toasting wieners and buns and chattering mer-

Suddenly there was a crashing in the bushes nearby and a weird figure burst into the glow of their campfire. It seemed, at first glance, to be a man made entirely of black, oily mud. As it swayed there in the shadows, a second mudcoated apparition stumbled out beside it. From the second figure came a furious, choked voice. "You You double-crossers," it spat, "I

hate you." "Hey," Spike blurted. "That's Brenda's voice.

Holy Smoke." "Why Brenda," Taffy said. "What happened? And can this be Mr. Farley Gibbs? Oh, dear, you must have gone up that old Hoot Owl Trail in the dark-the one where they're digging an irrigation ditch. How did you ever happen to take Mr. Gibbs up there?"

"You know why," Brenda hissed furiously. "You deliberately did that whispering today

so I'd get into trouble . . .

"I say," Farley Gibbs cut in. "Those wieners smell delicious. Let's scrape this mud off and ask if they'll let us join their fun. I was afraid for a while I wasn't going to meet the crowd I really wanted to get acquainted with around here. My next book is to be about small town folks and I want to get to know everybody."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT AND CITED AND EXCEPTED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.
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Swoth to and subscribed believe an this 27th day of September 1999 LOUIS J. KUBIANSKY, Notice Public, Commission expires April 1994

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